THE NEW MINSTREL REVIEW

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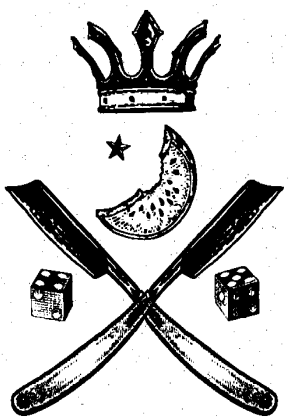
THE NEW MINSTREL REVIEW

EDITED BY

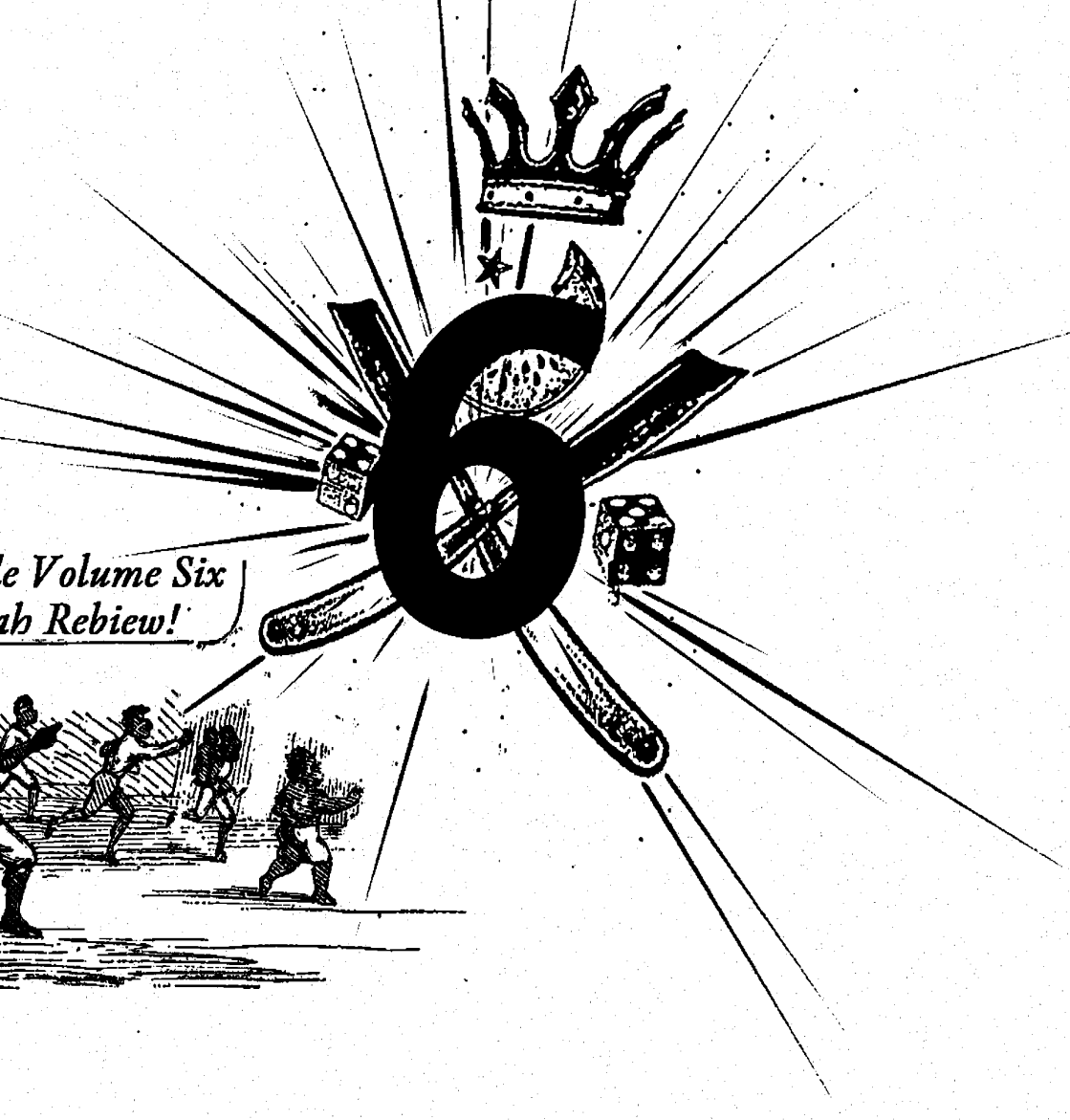
ABEED FREEMAN



DE SIXT VOLUME

2025

Come back here, you black rascal.
But, massa, dey got d
ob de New Minstra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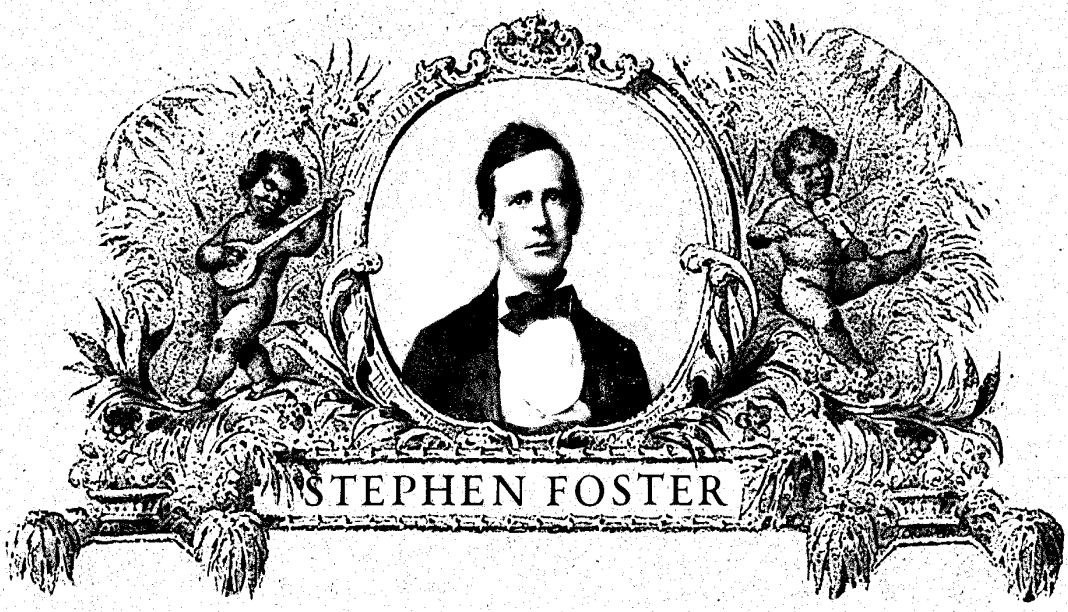
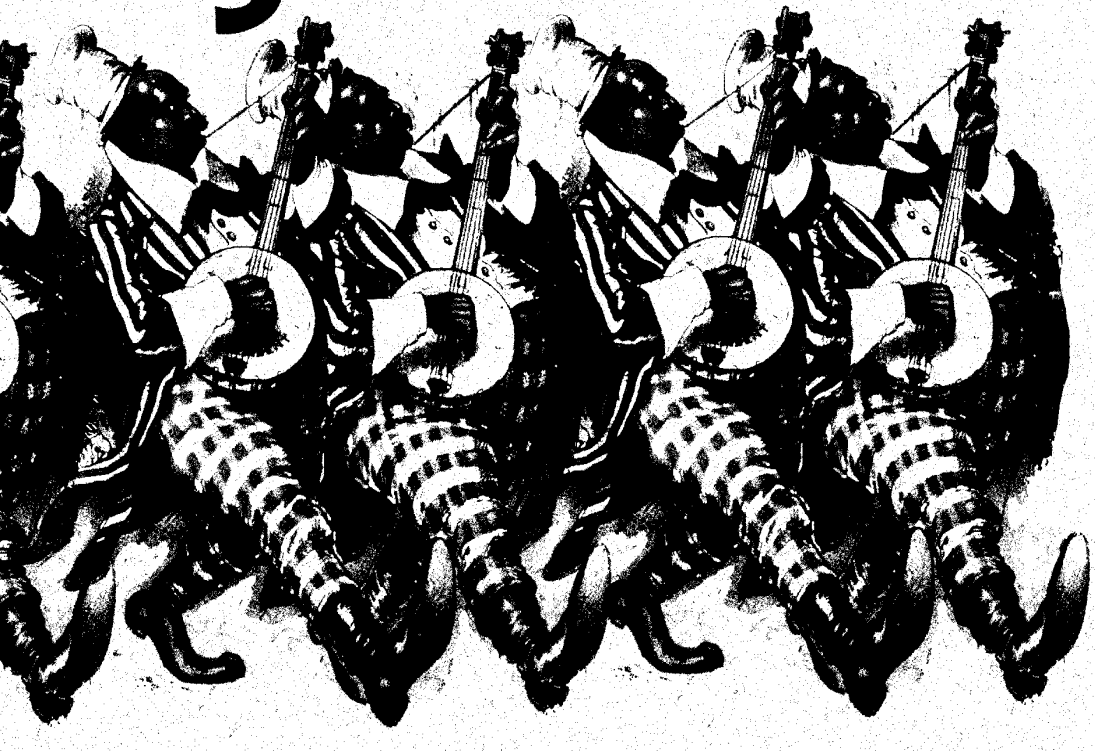


DIS one am dedicated to Stephen Collins Foster, (July 4, 1826 – January 13, 1864) whose contribu'shen to de repeater ob de good ole minstrel show cain't be unda'statuated. So, yowza, boss, pour out de jug fo' de man what wrote all dem good songs!

NEW COON SONGS

OON SONGS COON

COON SONGS



"Whar am niggas dar am trubba!"
By Jib Hamslicer.

Whar am niggas dar am trubba!
Whar am niggas de trubba dubba!
Nigger in de barrel rollin' down de hill,
Nigger in de hen house for ta steal.
Po' ole nigger ain't got no teef,
Po' ole nigger he chew wit his feet!
Whar am niggas dar am trubba!
Whar am niggas de trubba dubba!
Nigger run away, he run thru de wood,
Nigger jamp de ribber if he cud!
Lil' nigga whipped kase he always steal,
Lil' nigga look lak de banana peel!
Whar am niggas dar am trubba!
Whar am niggas de trubba dubba!

Hennessy

"De Henny Sent me Back in Time."
By Cabbage P. Skillet.

[Intro]

[Chorus] Henny sent me back,
Henny sent me back.
De Henny sent me back in tyme,
De Henny sent me back.

[Verse] De Henny in ma' jug,
Pulled me lak de rug,
De Henny sent me back in tyme!
When de Henny I did chug.
De Henny sent me back.
It knocked me off de track,
I tink I seen a dinosaur!
De Henny sent me back.

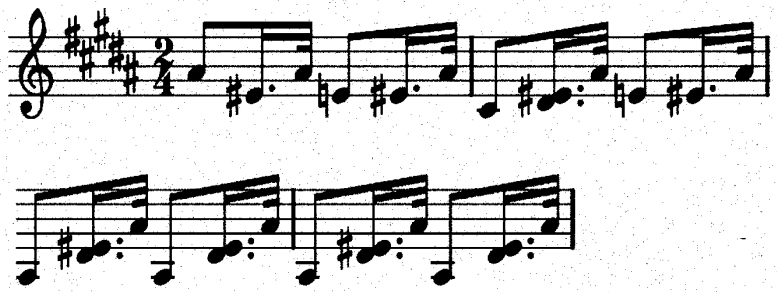
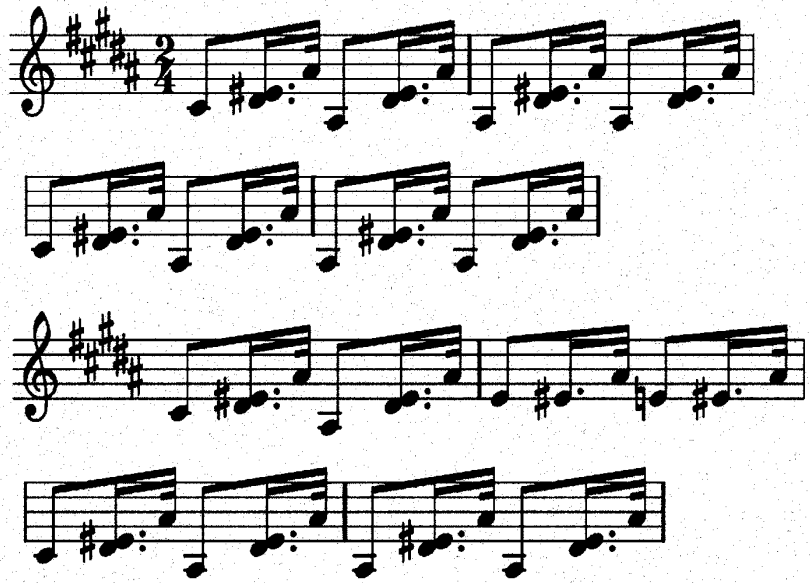
[Chorus] Henny sent me back,
Henny sent me back.
De Henny sent me back in tyme!
De Henny sent me back.

[Verse] I tink I seen de sun
When de sky was black,
De Henny sent me back in tyme!
I don't tink I'm comin' back.
De Henny is de power,
De Henny cut no slack,
De Henny is de madness!
De Henny sent me back.

[Chorus] Henny sent me back,
Henny sent me back.
De Henny sent me back in tyme!
De Henny sent me back.

[Outro]

Sheet Music for
"De Henny Sent me Back in Time"

Intro

Chorus and Verse

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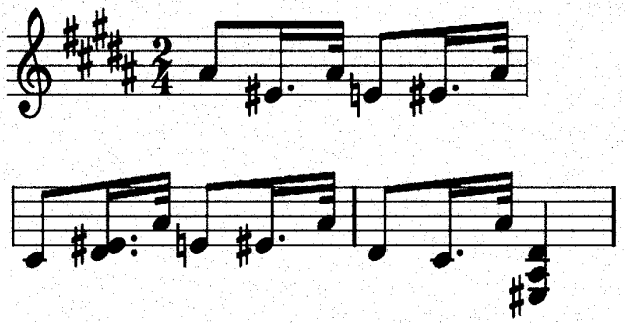

"Ole Ben Lay"

By

Kusin Toofpaste & Wopshine Geta

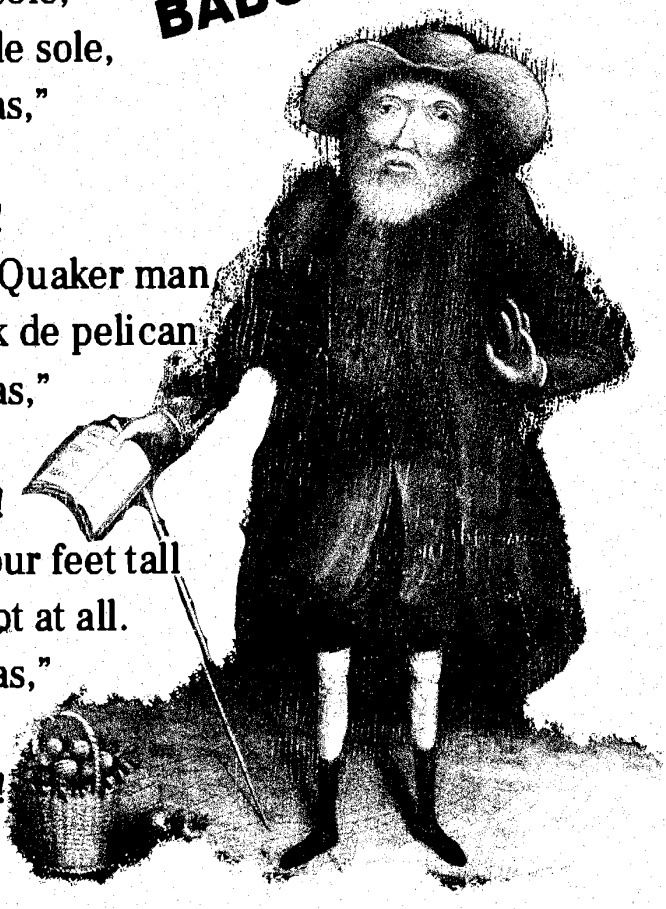
Ole Ben Lay wus a troglodyte,
He lib in de cave all day an nite,
He say: "free de niggas,"
An' I tink das rite!
Free dem niggas Ben!

Ole Ben Lay in de cole,
Wit no shoe ta cover de sole,
He say: "free de niggas,"
Das de goal!
Free dem niggas Ben!

Ole Ben Lay wus a Quaker man,
His chest jamp out lak de pelican
He say: "free de niggas,"
Das de plan!
Free dem niggas Ben!

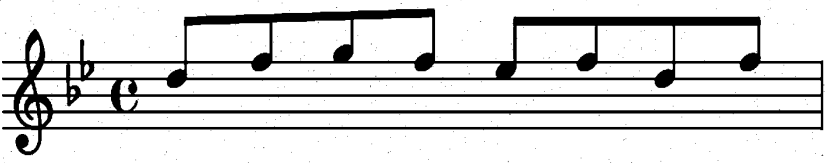
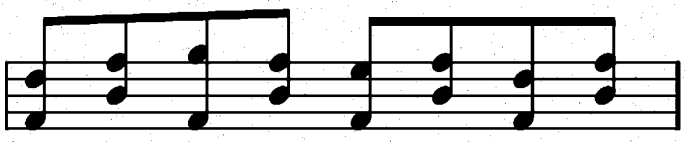
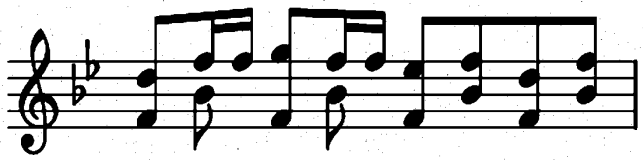
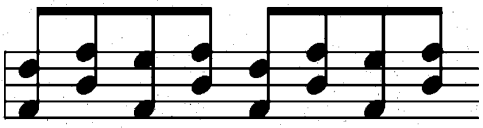
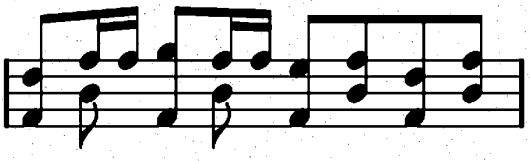
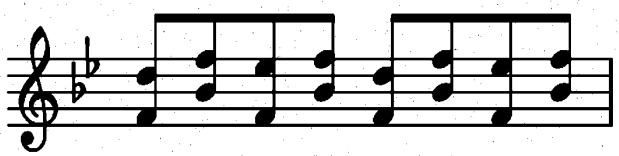
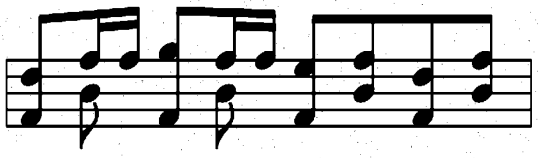
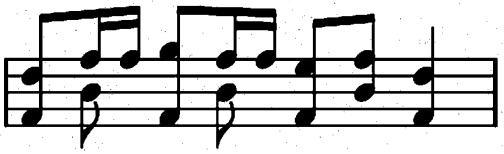
Ole Ben Lay wus four feet tall
An' he ate no meat, not at all.
He say: "free de niggas,"
Das de call!
Free dem niggas Ben!

DE IMAGE OB DE BABOLITIONIST!



De Possum Ketcha' Jig

Music by

Ajax Rice 'n' Beans Freeman

The Nigger Methuselah
By Burnt Biscuit III

I was born long ago, long ago!
I was born long ago, long ago;
Long ago I was born,
Into dis world was trown,
I was born long ago, long ago!
When massa was a chillen,
A' sleepin' in de crib,
Dis dakhie was ancient,
Nigga old as sin!
When Noah build de ark,
Dis dakhie he was yung,
Dey din' let him on de boat
So to de boat dis nigga clung!
Befo' dey made de chicken,
Dis nigga was eatin' rocks,
An' he knew what tyme it whar
Befo' dey made de clocks.
Oh! I was born long ago, long ago!
I was born long ago, long ago;
Long ago I was born,
Into dis world was trown,
I was born long ago, long ago!

THAT TRIFLING TOWN NIGGER

OR

THE ADVENTURES OF MANE SUGARTEETH

Episode II, "Sugarteeth Cheats Death yet Again."

DURING A snowstorm in south Georgia, Mane Sugarteeth—a professional evader of work and all-around untrustworthy negro huckster—was in a shack, huddled by a small and diminishing fire alongside two other gentlemen of color.

"I'se jes don't get it, Mane," said Toby the fat nigger who wore a bowler hat, "de way you tells it, how you gambled yo gal's baby away an' den got in'fectually murdered by some Irish crackers, an' den found sum new shoes, an' den evaded yo' gal when she foun' out 'bout dat baby ob hers dat yu sho' did gamble... well it sound down rite fah'sickle!"

"Dat sho' it do," added the other nigger, a skeletal darkie by the name of Fagans."

"Can you two niggas shut de hell ub, I'se attempting ta warm my feets and fingas by dis here fier," Mane replied.

"All we'se saying," Fagans continued, "is dat a nigga lak yusef who am prone ta breedin' mischief, 'haps dat bad luck gwine rub on us gibben de co'habulation dat we is engaged in."

"Das supa'stichen," Mane answered.

"Wuzzat?" Tobay asked, turning his head.

"See, I'se a town nigger, where'ams you two am a pair of unedumalated niggas right from de cotton an' de cane. So I'se gwine learn' ya about dis word. Now, 'supa' dat come from de Latin, it mean 'ober', but not lak 'ober dar', mo' lak 'ober yo' head,' jas lak de word which I am now defying fo' you rite naw. So den, de odder word here ob which de fomer is de furst paht, dat am 'stichen' which am a native word in de

English, and dat mean 'stitches,' much lak de ones yu gwine require once I beat you ober de head an' de shin-bone if you two dahkies don' season-de-cyst wid annoying me."

The two darkies looked on in indignation and seized upon Mane Sugarteeth.

"Let go ob me, yu rascals!" Mane yelled as he tried to swing on them with his trusty walking stick which he stole from white man some two or three years ago.

"We field nigras do a lot ob tinkin' too, y'see," said Toby, "see de fier gwine burn out soon, so we am gwine use yo nappy head fo de fuel!"

"Yes'm, git dat hat off ob he head!" Fagans said as he grabbed the article of clothing.

Suddenly there was silence and, after a moment, Fagans returned Mane's hat to it's place of origin on his head.

The three darkies sat in silence, much like before, gazing at the now nearly extinguished fire in the fireplace.

"We... we din' know," Toby said after a while.

"Mane Sugarteeth," said Fagans, "whatebber whoopin' an' punish'ment we was fixin' ta inflict upon you, de good Lawd am already done inflicted mo' worse."

Silence fell on them again.

Toby spoke solemnly: "De Lawd sho' done picked dat wool-"

"Das it!" Mane yelled, I'se gwine leave, you wretched an' mis'able dahkies! I'se gwine leave!"

"You gwine die out dar, Mane," Toby said, calmly, "but I guess you am already a dead man walkin', in a type ob way."

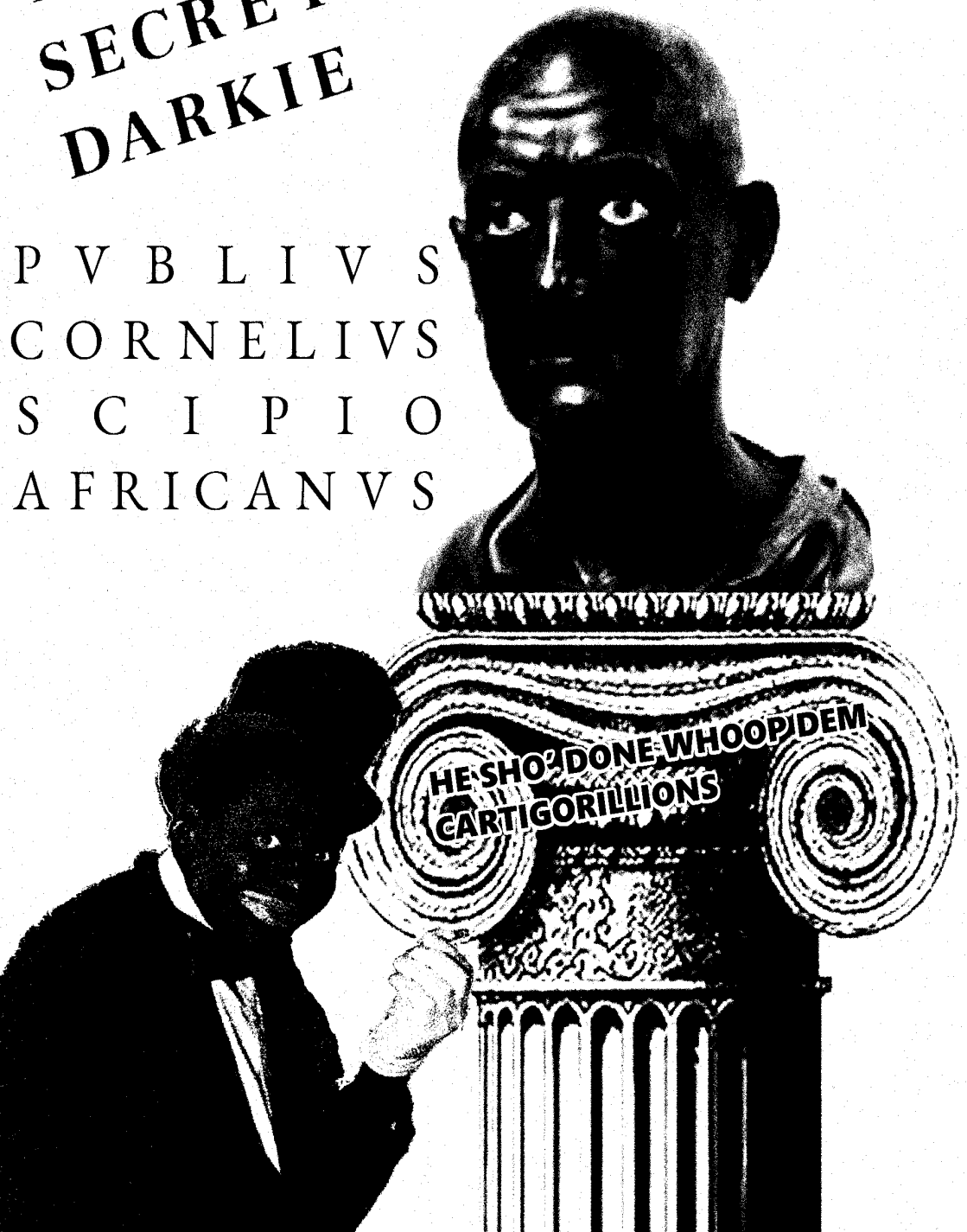
If Mane Sugarteeth were a locomotive, at this point he would be blowing steam from his ears, but he wasn't a locomotive, he was a nigger.

Mane stormed out of the cabin and into the sunshine, his feet upon green grass and his eyes adjusting to the bright blue sky. He stood there for a moment, looked back at the cabin, and then thought to himself: "I'll nebber let dem niggas know... nebber..."

TA BE CONTINULATED?

TODAY'S SECRET DARKIE

P V B L I V S
C O R N E L I V S
S C I P I O
A F R I C A N V S



CLASSICAL COON DIGEST

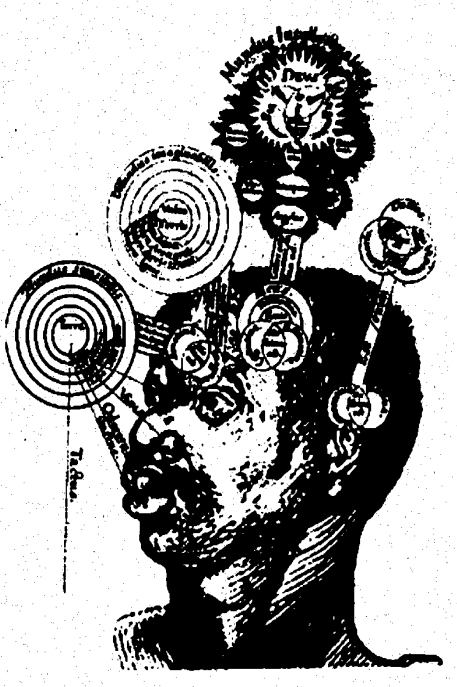
NEGRO LECTURE ON LOCOMOTION.

I is what you call a skientific loco-smokive bullgine nigger. I is gwine to gib you de multiblycation ob de variation. I hab been radder an unfortunate nigger in my day—dar was five of us in de family, an' I was de smartest ob 'um all 'um. I used to tell de udder niggers whedder dey knowed nottin' or nottin'. I didn't know more dan dey did all de time. De old woman she took a great likin' to me, kaze she sed I dissembled my fadder: an' so I did; he was dark complected, an' so did I. So, you see, dey gib dis nigger his edjeumfication, and I studied de bumsologus; but all de bumps dat I could find was de bumps ob de bullgine. Well, I tho't I'd go a trabblin', an' I starts off for de norph. While I was dar I gits in a good many 'sieties: one 'siety in 'ticklar, an' dat was de mixation 'siety. I remained in dat 'siety until I got perfectly disgwasted, an' den I leff 'um. I said somethin' one day in one ob dar boyalition meetins, and dey turn'd de nigger out. Dar was a question came up 'fore de house—"Whedder de sun stood still while Julicum Cæsar fought his battles?" I rose up to comsplain to de members de

Stump Speech on Ontological Dualism.
By Cornelious P. Rickashaw.

LEARNED NIGGAS hab been debasin' obber de ages as to what 'pecisely am de tings in de worl' made ob, and how many ob dem tings dar am. Dese is what am call'd "sub'tance." Mah con'tenshen here today am dat dar am de onliest one sub'tance, as a'pawse ta de odder populah no'shen dat dar am two. Now, when we look aroun' we see dis ting, dat ting, or de odda'. But I'se here to learn' ya dat dar am only one ting dat dere am! How yu ax me? When you may so argue dat it am a matter ob simpah obseva'shen dat dar am many tings. Now, befo' you hang dis ol' dahkie obber ub on dat billow tree, let me 'splain yu my conjec'tuh: 'Pose we got a bawdy ob water, lak de bucket whar which am de water, now, if de ole possum come by an' take he gulp ob dat water—de lil rascal!—den is you tellin' me dat dar is now two water!? Das 'diculus, you may as well go on an' tell dis here nigger dat de possum now de baby-momma ob de bucket, kase ob de watta das in de belly now!

So I'se gwine tell you lak dis naw: If a ting, any ting, cain intah'act wid anuddha' den dat am de same kin' ob ting! Much lak how when I'se inteh'aculated wid de jug, I'se affectulated by de gin das am in de jug. Dis here proves ta us plainly dat dar cain't be two tings, namedly de mind and bawdy! Furst ob all am shown dat de bawdy ob de gin do inteh'aculate wid dis dakhie bawdy, an' secun' dat dis den inteh'aculate wid dis dakhie mind! Not dat dar am much ta inteh'aculate in dar, but I dye grease. See, it lak de chain dat keep de nigga in de field, we see de links ob de chain, but we also see de chain it'sef! Am de chain de links, or am de links de chain!? See, all de tyme we see one ting go into anudder, and de odder go into da ting! So whar am wat de leahned mens call "de eh'sans?" So now yu ax me: "Nigga, get dat cornpone crust off ob yo shirt an' tell us 'xactly whar dis eh'sans am." Now, many ob yu leahned mens hab heard ob de "Shib ob de Saurus," but I'se gwien tell yu a diffren' story dat make de point clearah dan ebber, it am called "De



Possum Pie ob ol' Cletus." So, dar wus a dahkie ob de name ob Cletus, an' him nebber had de possum pie in him hands, but he had de possum pie in him 'magination, but no mattah how much dis nigger tink about eatin' dat possum pie, he nebber satiate! Now, am de pie in him head a real pie? Yes'm, but dis a produc' ob dis nigga 'maginings, so it inteh'aculate different, jas lak how I'se a produc' ob my daddy, but dat nigga nebber inteh'aculated wid me in my life! See, it lak is a brick fall on some nigger head on de odder side ob de worl' in China, dat am too fah abbay fo' ma' head ta hurt! Lakwise, no nigga cain tink a possum pie into 'xistance. If dar am such a nigger, it wud still not contradiculate ma' premise, howebber, I would like ta meet dat nigger an' get me a piece ob dat possum pie.

Once you have masticated upon dis wit yo' men'tashens, I'se gwine con'lude: Sum ob yu mought not fin' dis convicting, say: "dat boy a fool! Jas kase de ting inteh'aculate don' mean it de same ting!" To which I say: You am playin' wid to tongue, while I'se playin' wid de troof. Fo' if any gibben ting cain't inteh'aculate den dar am no 'xistence between dem! So wat bind ebberyting, at de same tyme, it make dem difference, am dat chain lak was jas 'splained ta yu. Dar am no need ta con'fabulaite dis by namin' tings! Shucks, boss, dis here nigga named all twelve ob him chillen, but do I know where any ob dem am? All das de matter ob impo'tence am de inteh'acshuns we cain ob'sahve an' prediculate! Yas, both a prairie and de post das on de prairie!

I'SE CAIN'T BELIEVE IT!
BUT I SHO DONE
READ ALL DEM PAGES!

DE END

DE END

DE END